



His formid. and should wear his hat  
and smile both. Mark.  
Canto 1.

Mark but that look of his  
That half a smile, that half a grin.  
That speak the Eunuch-Soul within  
His feeble featured Phiz!

Canto 2.



His formid. and should wear his hat  
and rattle both. Mark.  
Canto 1.

Mark but that look of his  
That half a smile, that half a grin.  
That speak the Eunuch-Soul within  
His feeble featured Phiz!

Canto 2.

*K. Rubrecht Johng*  
*11630. e. 3*  
*114*

THE  
S P L E E N:

OR, THE  
OFFSPRING OF FOLLY.

A  
LYRI-COMI-TRAGIC TALE.  
IN FOUR CANTOS.  
CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

DEDICATED TO  
GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.  
AUTHOR OF  
THE SPLEEN, A COMIC PIECE,  
PERFORMED WITH WONDERFUL SUCCESS AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

*De te fabula narratur.*

Fondly mistaking *Spleen* for *Wit*,  
Still, tho short-winded, all his aim  
To blow the sounding trump of Fame. *GREEN'S Spleen.*

L O N D O N:  
PRINTED FOR J. BEW, IN PATER-NOSTER ROW.  
MDCCLXXVI.

IN PLEASANT  
OR THE  
OFFSPRING OF FOLLY

A  
LYRI-COMI-TRAGIC TALE  
IN FOUR ACTS  
CUM NOTIS VARIORUM

DEDICATED TO  
GEORGE COLMAN ESQ

THE SILENT A-COMIC PIECE



T O

G E O R G E C O L M A N, Esq.

S I R,

A S you have done me the honour to make me the subject of your dramatic satire ; in doing which, you have flown off in a direct tangent from the circle of science ; you will excuse me, if, in returning the compliment, I have at any time, apparently deviated from the line of mathematical truth, in modelling the figures of poetical fiction. The force of metaphorical expressions is not to be estimated so precisely as the momentum of mechanic powers ; and yet there may be as much veracity couched under the moral of an allegory as in the most demonstrable proposition of Euclid. Of this, at least, I am certain that my characters are as justly drawn and my allusions as apt and applicable as yours : Save and except, indeed,

indeed, your incomparable parallels, which, at the same time as they preserve their parallelism, diverge, with a true poetical licence, like rays from a common centre\*.

Happy Oxonians, to whose superior privileges even lines and figures pay obsequious attention! Congratulating you as one of the first of those highly-favoured geniuses, permit an humble *Cantab* to subscribe himself,

Under particular obligations,

Your unparalleled admirer,

JOHN RUBRICK.

\* See the Spleen, or Islington Spa. Act I. Also the London Review for April last.

## GENERAL ABSTRACT.

WIT and FOLLY beget the hero of the piece—The *Genius* of *Britain* disgusted at their preposterous union—SPLEEN adopts the embryo in the womb—Accompanies the mother to France and Italy—Our hero prematurely dropt on the road—Modern Italy apostrophized—FLORENCE, our hero's birth-place, apostrophized—Spleen, his mother's midwife, becomes his wet-nurse—Found incapable—A she-wolf proposed—Not to be got—Her substitute a tabby cat—How the boy thriv'd on cat's milk—Grew playful—Narrowly escaped being castrated—Is brought to England—Presented to his father WIT, by whom he is partly acknowledged.—Our hero sent to college—Shoots up apace under the auspices of his *Sire*—His growth stunted by his mother and nurse—Never learns to walk alone—Hangs about his chums—Grows thievish and sucks their brains—Turns poet and paragraph writer—Takes to puppet-shews, and goes apprentice to a player—Takes to stealing farces—The play-wright's an easy trade—Marries a stroler's strumpet—Turns manager—Stirs the green-room fire and sets the house a blazing.—Invocation to the muse—Woman the source of mischief—Actresses all Helens—Painted pusses—Our hero goes caterwauling—His wife grows jealous and dies of the hip—Reaumur's rabbit and hen—Our hero compared to a bantum capon—To Don Quixote falling foul of the puppets—To Punch, who kicks all before him—

He

He fines his players—Snatches old Macklin's bread and butter  
 —Frightens his brother patentees—Is damn'd as a man-of-bu-  
 siness—Puts metaphorically to sea—Is thrown over-board for a  
 Jonas—His partners set sail and leave him—Apostrophizes the  
 whale and dolphin—Is sav'd on the back of a sprat—Is seized  
 with a quartan ague—Carried to Drury Hospital—Neglected—  
 Dying of the Spleen—Is metamorphosed into a bat, and im-  
 mortalized as the Emblem of Folly.

THE  
S P L E E N.  
IN FOUR CANTOS.

---

C A N T O I.

ARGUMENT.

WIT and FOLLY beget the hero of the piece—The Genius of Britain disgusted at their preposterous union—SPLEEN adopts the embryo in the womb—Accompanies the mother to France and Italy—Our hero prematurely dropt on the road—Modern Italy apostrophized.

I.

AS WIT with FOLLY, on a day,  
Amus'd himself in amorous play,  
As oft he did of yore;  
So well the sport dame Folly lov'd,  
That soon the teeming wanton prov'd  
How late she had play'd the whore.

B

But

## T H E I S H P L E E N .

### II.

But what a misgot, mulish thing  
Time from her pregnant womb might bring,  
Was held awhile in doubt:  
When, lo, at length, before its time,  
In *Italy's* licentious clime,  
The brat came sprawling out.

### III.

For, tho, 'tis said, the bastard's lot  
In *Britain's* clime to be begot,  
The *Genius* of our ille,  
Foreseeing of what little worth  
Would prove the bantling, at its birth,  
Thought 'twould the land defile.

### IV.

Disgusted in a moody fit,  
Against th' unnatural taste of Wit,  
In fondling with the mother;  
He almost thought it was no sin  
The worthless embryo, while within  
The womb, in time, to smother.

When

# THE S P L E E N.

3

## V.

When SPLEEN, with her obſetric aid,  
Still following the midwife's trade,  
Determin'd to adopt it;  
Reſolv'd to make its growth her charge,  
And ſet the ſouterkin at large  
Where'er the mother dropt it.

## VI.

From *England* baniſh'd, ſtrait through *France*  
The pregnant day-mare took a dance;  
Her hag ſtill waiting on her;  
Officious, as if ma'am had been  
A *Swediſh* or a *Daniſh* Queen,  
And ſhe her dame of honour.

## VII.

But, aw'd by *Angleterre's* Genie,  
Th' obſequious *Gallic* bel-eſprit,  
Soon gave them both a ſweating,  
" FOLLY," *dit il*, and then took ſnuff,  
" In *France* has lain in oft enough  
" Of fools, our own begetting.

B 2

" So

## VIII.

- " So, hence begone, mēdames, *morbleu!*  
 " This be no littering place for you;  
     " *Accouchez vous à Rome;*  
 " In *Italy* alone you'll find  
 " The characters that mark your kind,  
     " *There FOLLY is at home.*

## IX.

They wanted not the bidding twice;  
 FOLLY is so attach'd to *vice*,  
     When mask'd beneath *virtù*,  
 That madame and her midwife SPLEEN,  
 Together in their *voiturin*,  
     Set off without ado.

## X.

Beyond the Alps, beyond reproach;  
 The ladies now set up their coach;  
     When, from a sudden jolt,  
 As once pope Joan (tho' since, 'tis said,  
 The popes, tho' cover'd, have not bred)  
     The loose mare flipp'd her colt.

From

## XI.

From parish thus to parish pass'd,  
The beggar's brat is dropp'd at last;  
    (The simile must strike)  
For, high or low, the rogue and whore,  
Making the GRAND or *petty* tour,  
    In coach or cart, are like.

## XII.

All hail! *Italia's* hated clime!  
Where every meanness, every crime  
    That Nature can debase,  
Where fly suspicion, foul distrust,  
Malice, revenge and foulest lust  
    Pollute the human race.

## XIII.

Detested soil! where rankly grows  
Each vicious weed, the devil sows,  
    To modest Nature's sorrow;  
'Till, swelling with avengeful ire,  
Earth opens wide, and liquid fire\*  
    Pours o'er this new *Gomorrhah*,

Ev'n

\* Alluding to the eruptions of Vesuvius.

## XIV.

Ev'n Stanhope's self, who taught his son  
Diffimulation's race to run,

And act the part of *Mask-all*,\*  
Was in his morals yet so nice,  
He fear'd that, in *thy* sink of vice,  
He'd prove too great a rascal.†

## XV.

I hail thee, as, in time of yore,  
Grim Satan hail'd the Stygian shore;  
When, from Olympus hurl'd,  
He took (there ever doom'd to dwell)  
Possession of profoundest hell;  
Greeting th' infernal world.§

\* A character in Congreve's *Double Dealer*.

† Lord Chesterfield, whose latitudinarian principles respecting morals, are well known. He looked upon the vices of France as venial in comparison with those of Italy.

§ Hail! Horrors! hail! and thou, profoundest Hell!  
Receive thy new possessor.

MILTON.

No

T H E S P L E E N.

7

XVI.

No greeting with complacence sweet,  
Where mutual gratulations meet;

But hatred and disgust.

I greet thee as the hell on earth,  
That gave our bye-blow bantling birth,  
Offspring of FOLLY's lust.

11 7 49

C A N T O.

T H E S P E C I E S

XVI

No greeting with complacency  
Where mutual attentions meet  
But rather and higher  
I greet thee as the fall on earth  
That gave our joyous dancing birth  
Offering of flowers fall

C A N T O

THE  
S P L E E N  
IN FOUR CANTOS.

---

C A N T O II.

ARGUMENT.

FLORENCE, our hero's birth-place, apostrophized—SPLEEN, the mother's midwife, becomes his wet-nurse—Found incapable—A she-wolf proposed—Not to be obtained—her substitute, a tabby cat—How the boy thrived on cat's milk—Grew playful—Narrowly escaped being castrated—Is brought to England—Presented to his father, WIT; by whom he is partly acknowledged.

I.

SEVEN cities once, like fools, 'tis said,  
For *Homer*, went to loggerhead;\*  
Each boasting him her own.  
Less quarrelsome than those of Greece,  
*Italia's* towns are all at peace;  
Our bardling's birth-place known:

\* *Viz.* Smyrna, Rhodes, Colophon, Salamis, Chios, Argos, & Athens.

C.

Hail,

## II.

Hail, FLORENCE! foul as thou art fair!

Thine was our Hero's native air;

Thanks to that midwife, SPLEEN!

Who now, to make the matter worse,

Resolves to be the bantling's nurse;

A woeful nurse, I ween!

## III.

For ah! in vain the puny thing

Attempted nourishment to wring

From out her flabby udder:

For lank her long dugs, hanging down,

Seem'd as if suck'd by half the town;

Enough to make one shudder!

## IV.

When FOLLY, fearing lest her child,

For lack of bubby; should be spoil'd,

Bethought her of the story,

How Romulus, with *Ree* his brother,

A she-wolf had, for foster-mother;

Whence sprung the Roman glory!\*

The

\* Romulus and Remus, the first of which was the founder of Rome, are said to have been suckled by a wolf.

## T H E S P L E E N

### IV.

The country search'd in vain around,  
No new-milch wolf-dug could be found.  
Alas, the sad disaster!  
When SPLEEN proposed, as still more fitting,\*  
Her tabby cat should wean her kitten,  
And suckle little master.

### VI.

This done, 'tis said, tho' strange to tell,  
Cat's milk agreed with him so well  
(Congenial humours meeting)  
The puling thing began to mew,  
And frisk and play, as kittens do,  
Mamma and Midwife greeting.

### VII.

HOLLY and SPLEEN, now saw, with joy,  
Their scratching cat-o'barnet boy,  
Its wet-nurse taking after.  
So playful was the pretty fellow,  
As e'en to rival Punchinello;  
The Macaroon of laughter!

C 2

They

\* The nipple being better adapted in size to the aperture of the bearn's mouth. HUNTER.

## VIII.

They, therefore, thought it now high time  
 To change the country and the clime,  
 And hie for England, over.  
 Hence, tripping back again through France,  
 They struck up a cotillon dance,  
 And soon arrived at Dover.

## IX.

Most opportune, the little ape,  
 Thus made his fortunate escape,  
 His dry-nurse, an *Italian*,  
 Having (to make him sing) begun  
 To work on FOLLY's favourite son,  
 And spoil him for a *stallion*.\*

Half-

\* This extraordinary anecdote has but lately been communicated, by one of those useful motherly females, who officiated at his nativity. BATE.

This reverend annotator is mistaken, in supposing a plurality of gossips assembled at our hero's birth. He was born on FOLLY, and brought forth alone by SPLEEN; no other females attending.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERIUS, junr.

## X.

Half-made, half-marr'd, the surgeons say,  
The ridgil \* thus was brought away.---

Mark but that look of *his*;  
That half a smile, that half a grin,  
Speaking the *eunuch-soul* within,  
His feeble - featur'd phiz!†

## XI.

At Britain's *Genius* spit her spite,  
SPLEEN now maintain'd the *filial* right  
Of this, her favourite kitling;  
Presented him to's father, WIT,  
Who, in a gay, good-natur'd fit,  
Half own'd th' *exotic* WITLING.

\* A term given to an *imbecile* or natural *castrato*.

† Agreeable to the phrase "he looks as melancholy as a gibb'd cat." SCRIB.

XV

That made him think the interest of  
the night was brought away  
Mark that that look of his  
That had a smile that had a  
speaking the touch of his  
his people - feared him -

XI

At Britain's Court for her  
Spenser now maintained the  
Of his, her favourite  
Presented him to his father  
Who, in a way good-natured  
Hall owned an estate

A court given to an interest of nature

Agreeable to the point - he looks at me  
The same as in the same way -  
The same as in the same way -  
The same as in the same way -  
The same as in the same way -

M E T H E N  
S P L E E N.  
IN FOUR CANTOS.

C A N T O III.

A R G U M E N T.

*Our hero sent to college—Shoots up apace under the auspices of his Sire—His growth stunted by his mother and nurse—Never learns to walk alone—Hangs about his chums—Grows thievish, and sucks their brains—Turns poet and paragraph-writer—Takes to puppet-shews, and goes apprentice to a player—His Sire and the College disgusted—Put to the law and turned adrift—Takes to stealing farces—The playwright's an easy trade—Marries a stroler's strumpet—Turns shew-man and manager—Stirs the green-room fire and sets the house a blazing.*

I.

TO *Alma-Mater* sent the boy,  
A burnish'd, base, *Bath-metal\**, toy,  
That, *new*, look'd bright and glossy;  
But all that glitters is not gold;  
Its lustre foil'd, thus, soon, behold  
The trinket dull and drossy!

While

\* Why *Bath-metal*? CRITICUS CAPTIOUS.

From Pulteney Earl of Bath, made a peer for his wit. Sir ROB. WALPOLE.  
For the extraordinary obligations our hero lay under to this nobleman, he gratefully made him, and his lady, the principal characters of his *Jealous Wife*.

BATE,

## II.

While fondly fostered, it is true,  
 Apace the ill-weed witling grew,  
 To more than school-boy stature:  
 When *Mother FOLLY*, *midwife SPLEEN*,  
 And *nurse's milk* stepp'd in between;  
 And *habit* shrunk from *Nature*.

## III.

Fantastic, feeble, fractious grown,  
 And never taught to stand alone  
 On every chum he hung:  
 On *Thornton* now, and now on *Lloyd* \*  
 Till, with the mewling kitling cloy'd,  
 They curs'd him as he clung.

## IV.

Tho, unsuspecting his intent,  
 They never dreamt much harm he meant,  
 Nor thought *cattivo* theivish;  
 Till suck'd their brains, *au Connoisseur*,  
*Bob*, † careless, call'd his mother whore,  
 And ‡ *Bonnel*, bit, grew peevish.

\* Two friends and school-fellows of our hero. † Robert Lloyd, M. A.  
 ‡ Bonnel Thornton, Esq.—It is well known that our hero, in conjunction  
 with this celebrated writer, wrote, or rather compiled, a periodical paper  
 entitled

## V.

Discarded by his college chums,  
 Alone, he pick'd up a few crumbs,  
     For poesies, writ for cutlers;  
 Wrote lying paragraphs for news,  
 And verses, so reduc'd his muse!  
     For chamber - maids and butlers.

entitled the *Connoisseur*, which was first published some years past at Oxford. The latter having written a number of this work which he particularly admired, requested his colleague to go post with it to Oxford, and to correct it with his own hand. On *Coley's* arrival, *Jackson* the printer informed him, that the publication must inevitably be stopt if he had not the copy in two hours at farthest. Here was an offer of *immortality* the poet could not forego! He replied, that having been a *bon vivant* the preceding evening, he was but indifferently prepared for the task, yet if he would furnish him with a room, pen, ink and paper, he would see what could be done. Being accommodated to his wishes, he *transcribed* his friend *Thornton's* essay, and delivered it for the press in little more than an hour. *Jackson* was astonished at the *rapidity* of his genius; and this identical paper making a considerable noise in the world at that time, the printer, as in duty bound, proclaimed the velocity of his author's fancy; a circumstance which procured him that *merited* fame, he never after could be persuaded, or even forced to resign. BATE.

This anecdote is related, with some little difference of circumstance, in the last *London Review*.

PUFFER FOR THE LONDON REVIEWERS.

D

To

## VI.

To *Flockton*\* flying next for aid,  
 Begging to learn the shew-man's trade,  
 Apprentic'd was our hero;  
 So Punch and Punch's wife, 'tis said,  
 And Scaramouch ran in his head,  
 And Harlequin and Pierrot.

## VII.

At this disgusted, Wit, his fire,  
 And *Alma-Mater* both took fire,  
 And turn'd our 'Squire adrift;  
 For, having limb'd† him to the law,  
 They thought, to make or mend a flaw,  
 He might have made a shift.

\* For FLOCKTON, read GARRICK, *meo periculo*,

MAR. SCRIB. Junr.

† This verb is inelegantly formed from the vulgar phraseology, calling every gentleman bred to the bar, a *limb* of the law.

BENTLEY.

Nay,

VIII.

Nay, so delighted with the child,  
On whom they fancied Genius smil'd,  
While yet the merest minor,  
To run for the professor's plate,  
They started him a candidate  
With *Blackstone* versus \* *Viner* †.

IX.

But humbled suddenly their pride  
By seeing, justly mortified,  
Ev'n chums black-ball their croney  
So have I seen outstrip the wind  
A racer fleet; left far behind  
A poor pretending poney.

D 2

At

\* Our poet is plainly no lawyer, by his using *versus* here in the *classical* sense ;  
our law-practitioners characteristically using *versus* for *adversus*.

QUIBLERIUS.

† The Vinerian professorship at Oxford ; for which the hero of this poem  
had the modesty to offer himself a candidate against me.

BLACKSTONE.

## X.

At lesser game, yet, still, they said,  
 He might successfully have play'd;  
 Poor creatures prosper daily,  
 In *Chanc'ry*, *King's - Bench*, *Common - Pleas*,  
 Although he might not pick up fees,  
 He might at the *Old - Bailey*.

## XI.

But, doom'd his fortunes still to marr,  
 The *stage* preferring to the bar,  
 And *pert* to *prudent* quibbling,  
 He only sigh'd for *Davy's*\* skill.  
 In managing the grey-goose quill,  
 To profit by *transcribing*.

\* *David Garrick*. A proof of the truth of our former conjecture, that *not Flockton*, but *Garrick*, was intended in the sixth stanza. Their being both of the same occupation, probably led to the mistake.

MAR. SCRIB. JUN.

Blest

XII.

Blest times are these our modern days,  
 Abounding in forgotten plays,  
 Through time and chance neglected--  
 Give Managers a fellow-feeling,  
 Play-wrights may safely go on stealing,  
 And brave the being detected.

XIII.

How loud and long the town's horse-laugh  
 With *Kelly, Foote* and *Bickerslaff*,<sup>†</sup>  
 At a *Joe Miller's* jest;  
 E'en in the manner if they're caught,  
 How readily excus'd the fault!  
 "Old songs and jokes are best."

\* Names celebrated in the theatrical world.

Nay

## XIV.

Nay so it is, tho past belief,  
 False to themselves, the rogues rob thief;\*  
     Safe if they make us merry.  
 Sure the loud clap, the noisy roar,  
 The clattering club, *encore, encore!*  
 And *bravo Mr. Sherry.*\*

## XV.

The drama's art so easy made,  
 So flourishing the shew-booth trade,  
     Our hero fond of pelf,  
 With eagerness to thrive the faster,  
 Projected setting up as master,  
 And scribbling for himself.

For,

\* Like thieves too they 'peach each other; as appears from the following epigram:

*On Bickerstaff's being employed by Garrick to detect the plagiarisms of Cumberland.*

If foul the work, as fair the play,  
 The bard shou'd 'peach, who robs his brother  
 Blind Fielding, as the wisest way,  
 Thus sets one thief to catch another.

† Mr. Sheridan, author of the *Duenna*; a foolish farce that has already run almost fourscore nights, in one season.

XVI.

For, of some small success so vain,  
A paper'd house † had turn'd his brain,  
The little brain still left him.  
When now, behold, to top her part,  
A stroler's strumpet ‡ stole his heart  
And quite of head bereft him.

† Not a house built of cards, or paper'd, instead of being wainscoted; but a theatre filled with *written orders*, to prevent the success of good writers, support the dulness of bad ones, and enforce the villainous impositions of managers. On these occasions Justice Fielding's thief-takers and other ruffians, have been introduced by our Hero, and planted in every part of the house, to cram down his own crudities and damn the productions of others.—Were an author or actor, particularly if a manager, the greatest blockhead or scoundrel in nature, or even the most *unnatural* rascal imaginable, a papered house would have the *power* to protect him, and persuade the public his protection was due to their *candour*. ANONYMOUS.

‡ Our poet has here shamefully broken through that salutary, though ancient adage, *Nil nisi bonum de mortuis*. Rogues and whores should be held sacred while they are living, and canonized when they are dead.

BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA.

For,

## XVII.

" For ah! what pleasure is in life,

" And what's a man without a wife?

" A mistress may cornute one."

Thus said, to church he blushing led

The bride; who soon well comb'd his head;

For ma'am was not a mute one.\*

## XVIII.

Now, wiv'd and wanting wealth to get,

A playhouse soon was to be lett;

The devil so apt to lay,

Whene'er weak mortals feel within

Themselves dispos'd to any sin,

Temptation in their way.

\* Hence the great affection taken by our Hero for the *Silent Wife* of *Ben Johnson*; whom he took to his bosom, but alas could do little with her. He offered her afterwards to the town; but having injured, in his attempt to debauch, her, she was universally neglected. She lies now in a bad way in Drury Hospital.

HUNTER.

Three

## XIX.

Three novices,\* alike dispos'd,  
 That for the purchase just had clos'd,  
     Wanting a manager;  
 As such the trio strait he join'd;  
 All puffing, as they raise the wind,  
     That he their fire should stir†.

## XX.

But, poking, like an *etourdi*,  
 Soon (such a man-of-business he)  
     The booth was set a blazing;  
 All in confusion, actors, singers,  
 Burn'd, some their feet and some their fingers:‡  
     At which the town stood gazing!

\* Messieurs Harris, Rutherford and Powel.

† The expression made use of by Colman, when he entered into the agreement, as peculiarly expressive of the business of manager. See "Colman's true State of the Case."

‡ In signing articles in favour of Colman, against the other proprietors; the effects of which have by many of them been but lately felt.

T H E

XIX

These movies, like all the  
others, are the product of the  
American imagination. They are  
not the work of the hand,  
but the work of the mind.

XI

The picture is a study  
in the art of the camera.  
It is a study in the art of  
the camera, and it is a study  
in the art of the camera.

THE

The picture is a study  
in the art of the camera.  
It is a study in the art of  
the camera, and it is a study  
in the art of the camera.

THE

F

THE  
SPLEEN  
IN FOUR CANTOS.

CANTO IV.

ARGUMENT.

*Invocation to the muse—Woman the source of mischief—Actresses all Helens—Painted pusses—Our Hero goes caterwauling—His wife grows jealous and dies of the hip—Reaumur's rabbit and hen—Our Hero compared to a bantam capon—To Don Quixote falling foul of the puppets—To punch, who kicks all before him—He fines his players—Snatches old Macklin's bread and butter out of his mouth.—Abuses play-wrights—Frightens his brother patentees—Is damn'd as a man-of-business—Puts metaphorically to sea—Is thrown overboard, for a Jonas—His partners set sail and leave him—Apostrophizes the whale and dolphin—Is sav'd on the back of a sprat—Is seized with a quartan ague—Carried to Drury Hospital—Neglected—Dying of the Spleen—Is changed into a bat, and immortalized as the emblem of Folly.*

I.

SAY, Muse, from whence such discord sprung.  
Sing such a tale, as ne'er was sung,  
By Homer or by Virgil—  
What was't in ashes laid old Troy?  
What is't, like woman, can destroy,  
Whene'er she means to urge ill?

## II.

Who was't, to damn mankind so civil,  
 Familiar chatted with the devil;  
 Forgetful of her duty?  
 The first of *Helens*, Madam *Eve*;  
 Who, if we Milton may believe,  
 Surpassed them all in beauty.

## III.

If so much mischief *one* could do,  
 Still how much more might *Helens two*.  
 And still more two and twenty;  
 For, furbish'd up, behind the scenes,  
 The frippery flirts all Trojan Queens;  
 Of *Helens* he had plenty\*.

\* In love as in letters, each rival outvying,  
 Not a queen of his train but he nightly was plying :  
 Untouch'd the ripe fruit *hung* in clusters around,  
 As his taste had him relish, but \* that on the ground;  
 Nay how could a virgin with transports salute him,  
 Since Nature design'd the † *first cut* not to suit him?  
 He feasted on beauties with rapture and ease,  
 As an emmet possesses a huge Cheshire cheese.

BATE.

BATE.

\* His female connexions sufficiently elucidate this passage—

† See note to Stanza X. Canto II.

Beroug'd

IV.

Beroug'd, bepainted, and bedress'd,

In bibs and tuckers of *their* best,

The trappings of their calling,

No wonder that, attracted thus,

He after every painted *puss*,

Soon went a *cater-wauling*.

V.

So have I seen a bantum proud,

Strutting about and crowing loud,

A feather'd macaroni.

Mount this and that and t'other hen,

Each pecking him soon off agen,

Despising poor *Caponi* ! §

§ Our poet, who rails so much at plagiaries, is here guilty of plagiarism himself: this passage being evidently stolen from the following stanzas in KENRICK's Epistle to COLMAN:

By Nature form'd as ill for wars

Of Venus, as for those of Mars;

In both a recreant knight,

From one, like Paris, sunk away;

Hard labour yours in softer fray

To do your Helen right.

## THE SPLEEN.

How then should you, behind the scenes,  
 E'er mollify contending queens,  
 And bring them to their duty?  
 Say, what can such a thing as you,  
 Between two fierce viragos do,  
 But stoop and kiss their shoe-tye.

In vain your feeble rage may burn,  
 Or kinder passions take their turn;  
 To you alike pernicious,  
 Whether by Lesley's frown you die  
 Or W—— white wench's coal black eye,  
 In extasy delicious.

Should my Lord B——e escape,  
 And baffled justice bring the rape  
 With harams into fashion,  
 You, then, indeed, with P——l's aid,  
 The green-room a seraglio made,  
 Might glut your amorous passion.

Just as I've seen on chimney-top  
 A lewd cock-sparrow, billing, hop,  
 Allur'd from hen to hen;  
 The fair disgusted one by one,  
 While he, no sooner off than on,  
 Was off as soon again.

Was ever a more flagrant piece of plagiarism! It is to be hoped our modern  
*Dennis* will do himself exemplary justice on this writer, in his London  
 Review. MAR. SCRIB. JUNR.

And

VI.

And yet a hen, the learned say,  
Will ev'n indulge in am'rous play  
A rabbit fondly smitten.---\*  
Tell, then ye sages, tell us why,  
E'en virgin-pullets should be shy  
Of a *castrato* kitten.

VII.

Yet, hence at home the devil to do!  
His household female jealous grew;  
And jealousy's the devil.  
But, luckily, to end the strife,  
She died; which in a *Jealous Wife*,  
It must be own'd, is civil.

\* With a sight of this decent phenomenon, the conjunction copulative between a rabbit and a hen, the celebrated Reaumur used publicly to indulge the curiosity of the Parisian ladies: it being the *ton*, for some time, for all the virtuosi, male and female to flock to see this curious attempt at propagation. I say, *attempt*, because it does not appear that the pullet's eggs were fecundated.

HUNTER.

Partlet,

## VIII.

Partlet, untrod, so takes the pip,  
 And drooping gives the perch a trip,  
 And leaves poor doodle - doo ;  
 The scorn of all the cocker'd race,  
 And with the fair, the foul disgrace  
 Of all the cockrel crew.†

## IX.

By FOLLY now to madness drove,  
 To hate all turn'd our hero's love ;  
 Like Quixote, in a rage,  
 In spleenful mood, he curs'd and swore  
 And call'd his puppets rogue and whore,  
 And drove them off the stage.

† Again we catch our poet at plagiarising.

C—, a bantum bully rock

Calls K—, thus a dunghill cock ;

While K—, crowing round the pit,

Defies each hen-peck'd cockerel wit.

But hate proud baw-cock, hate your rage.

For pity's sake your ire assuage :

Coley, poor cock-a-doodle-doo,

Is, by no means a match for you.

TUNER.

The

## X.

The scorn of wits, the dread of fools,  
Despotic now the tyrant rules,  
Fearless of dire disaster;  
Like mighty *Punch*, who in a huff,  
Gives this a kick, and that a cuff,  
To shew he's lord and master.

## XI.

To make his purse - proud actors feel,  
He stints them of a daily meal  
Nor spares, (ungrateful sinner!)  
E'en his old friend the man of *Ross*,  
Who, when himself was at a loss,  
Oft gave him a good dinner\*.

\* Before our departed hero arrived to the height of his poetical consequence, his situation compelled him to be so troublesome to his acquaintance, that he was universally known by the appellation of the *Temple Leech*; Mr. *Ross*'s table having always a knife and fork for him, there he was to be found at last, morning, noon and night. Soon after he became *manager*, *Ross* thought himself happy to engage with him, naturally expecting the turn of the scale in his favor for the civilities he had shewn him;---and so he had; for being confined with a fit of the gout and in consequence rendered incapable of playing a

## XII.

Snatches old *Macklin's* bread and butter,  
 Which made him make so damn'd a clutter,  
 And blasted *Kenrick's* bays;\*  
 Sharing alone with bards as dull  
 As he himself and *Hoole* and *Hull*;†  
 The profit and the praise.

few nights, the *manager* ordered his treasurer to put him under stoppages: an instance scarce ever known before. *Mr. Ros* bore it with great temper, only desiring the treasurer, "to make his compliments to the manager and inform him, that the deduction was inconvenient enough at that time; but he was glad it did not take place a few years before, for if it had he and *Mr. C----* would have been in want of many a good dinner."

BATE.

\* A little, hypocritical, lying, cowardly rascal, to pick a man's pocket of a thousand pound, before he himself had fingered a farthing of the money! See the particulars of his rascality, on this occasion, in the preface to the fourth edition of my *Duellist*.

KENRICK. *Vivd vocē.*

† With these our managerial hero, it seems, went snacks; poor *Hull*, notwithstanding his *Henry* and *Rosamond* met with success, not receiving half the usual emoluments.

COVENT GARDEN CRICKET.

Congenial

XIII.

Congenial souls! to dullness dear!  
 Smile on, when snarling critics sneer,  
 Or angry judges frown.  
 No matter what the wise ones think,  
 A nod's as good as is a wink  
 To that blind horse, the Town.

XIV.

The other patentees aghast,  
 Now stand and wonder how at last  
 Will end the mischief, brewing:  
 For lo, with all our hero's wit,  
 The empty benches of the pit  
 Threaten impending ruin!

XV.

While sole director of the scene,  
 This son of *Folly* and of *Spleen*,  
 Whom once they thought so clever,  
 Grew only more and more perplex'd;  
 Till, play'd the *man - of - business*\* next,  
 He damn'd himself for ever.

As

\* A comedy so called, written by our hero and supported by his managerial arts to undergo the lingering torture of damnation for twelve nights together.

## XVI.

As mariners, amidst a storm,  
 Make vows, they mean not to perform,  
 So pious and so civil;  
 Would give the *saints* their sterling gold,  
 Nay consecrated candles hold  
 For safety, to the *devil*.

## XVII.

In similar distress e'en so,  
*Harris and Leake and Dagge and Co\*.*  
 Each saint and devil implor'd;  
 Tied round the victim's neck a purse,  
 To make him sink, and, with a curse,  
 Threw Jonas overboard.

## XVIII.

By vanity awhile upborne,  
 Light as a cork he laugh'd to scorn  
 The hands, he saw the helm in;  
 Supposing that, for want of skill,  
 They'd make the ship soon shew her keel;  
 The wild waves all o'erwhelming,

But,

\* His brother patentees.

XIX.

But, see at once the storm subside;  
Of public favour turn'd the tide,  
While, right before the wind,  
The batter'd bark with swelling sail,  
Urg'd forward by a prosperous gale,  
Poor Jonas leaves behind\*.

XX.

At this behold his courage fled,  
His heart as heavy grows as lead,  
And soon salt-water drinking,  
His spirits shrink into his heels  
Down ducks his head and now he feels  
His little body sinking.

XXI.

To Neptune, now, in dire despair,  
And Venus he prefers his prayer,  
With terrible devotion;  
Each Nymph and Triton calls by name,  
But neither Nymph nor Triton came  
Nor Venus nor old Ocean.

\* Alluding to the uncommon success of Covent Garden Theatre, after  
I became deputy-manager.

T. HULL.

Attracted

## XXII.

Attracted by the dismal cry,  
 Around him flock the finny fry;  
 (To each held forth his hand.)

"Dolphins and whales," said he, "of yore,  
 "Have half-drown'd bards and prophets bore\*  
 "Safe to the neighbouring strand.

## XXIII.

"For pity's sake, then, lend your aid  
 "A poet I, by birth† and trade,  
 "Could once like Orpheus sing;  
 "Tho, cast away without my lyre,  
 "And tho the muses nine inspire,  
 "I now do no such thing!"

## XXIV.

Then flow'd his tears, which seem'd to melt  
 To tendernefs a soft-roed *smelt*,  
 Who yet its aid forbore;  
 When now, upon his friendly back,  
 A charitable *sprat*, alack!  
 Convey'd him to the shore.

Flat

\* Alluding to Amphion and the prophet Jonas. † Poeta nascetur non fit.

## XXV.

Flat as a flounder on the beach,  
 Sometime, he lay, depriv'd of speech,  
 'Till seen the ship away go:  
 When envy, rage and grief, by turns,  
 Torment him, as he chills and burns,  
 Seiz'd with a quartan ague.

## XXVI.

To th' hospital \* of *Drury-Lane*  
 Returning, now, in suppliant strain,  
 An object to be pitied!  
 He vow'd that all his future days,  
 He'd *Spatter*† play and puff and praise,  
 If once again admitted.

\* The playhouse: so called from the charitable institution, lately established by act of parliament, for the support of decayed players; to which fund our debilitated hero lays claim on the strength of his appearance on the stage in the character of acting manager, in order to discharge Mr. Macklin.

MOUSE IN THE GREEN ROOM.

† A character, described by Mr. C, in the *English Merchant*, as the *doer* of a newspaper. "A fellow whose heart tongue and pen are equally scandalous."

But

## XXVII.

But ah! his proffer'd puffs too late,  
 His place supplied by parson *Bate*,  
 That prince of playhouse puffers;  
 Who gives the *ton* to half the town,  
 Sets actors up and knocks them down,  
 From kings to candle-snuffers.

## XXVIII.

*Garrick*, enfeebled and decay'd,  
 And glad, tho' poor, to leave off trade,  
 With him is strong and clever;  
 He swears 'tis all a lie that's told,  
 About his growing fat and old;  
 For he'll be young for ever.

## XXIX.

The parson swears the play'r will see,  
 When next he comes from Italy,  
 The scheme, last time projected,\*  
 Of only entering on the scene  
 To entertain the king and queen,  
 With wish'd *eclat* effected.

Thus

\* On his first return from Italy; when a terrible contest arose between Mr. G's avarice and his vanity: but, finding he could not gratify the latter, without making too great a sacrifice of the former, matters were, for that time accommodated.—The advocates for managerial sincerity, indeed, impute this

XXX.

Thus puff'd our hero's quondam tutor  
No more would be his coadjutor,  
But left poor *Epicoene*\*,  
To shift, as it could best, alone;  
While trembling, tottering, tumbling down,  
It dying lay with *Spleen*†.

XXXI.

To PHOEBUS, *Folly* now applies;  
And, on her knees, with streaming eyes,  
A piteous story tells.  
*Wisdom*, she said, had got her owl;  
And might not she with some such fowl  
Bedeck her cap and bells.

project of playing only in the presence of royalty, to that sense of duty; which, they say, actuates the patentees of every Theatre-Royal. We, who know theatrical managers much better, know their manœuvres are not always directed by such motives of duty and loyalty. We ourselves have attended both Mr. G. and Mr. C. behind the scenes, for popular paragraphs, in ridicule of their royal master; written immediately after their having obsequiously lighted him out of the theatre.

THE DOERS OF THE NEWS-PAPERS.

\* Mr. Colman's last comedy, altered from Ben Johnson.

† Mr. C's last new comic piece.

G

" Oh !

## XXXII.

" Oh! change my fallen foundling's nature

" Into some emblematic creature,

" Any, except a cat;"

A smile *Apollo* strove to smother,

And metamorphos'd, for the mother,

Her son into a *Bat*\*.

\* Here again we catch our poet at plagiarism. This metamorphosis is palpably stolen from the following prediction in his epitaph above-cited, written on his theatrical decease, by that exemplary divine and reverend poet Mr. Henry Bate.—Speaking of his flight to the celestial regions, his reverence prophetically suggests the same transformation.

Alas! what assailants his march will oppose,  
Demanding their fragment each step that he goes?  
If the notion prove right, which our schoolmen divine,  
That aloft none in robes that are borrowed can shine,  
When each has dismantled this daw of his feather,  
How the devil, unfledg'd, will he waft himself thither;  
For fate will demand (in despite of pretences)  
A full expiation for all his offences;  
Whose shafts, lest the sophist with logic should parry,  
Minerva's sage bird his death-warrant shall carry.  
Winging down, by the breech at one pounce she will take him,  
And soaring aloft, high in air wildly shake him.  
When in penance thus comic, the culprit appears,  
What sallies of laughter shall run thro' the spheres!

Nay,

T H E S P L E E N.

43

XXXIII.

All day, *perdu*, Lo! now he lies,  
Domitian like, in wait for flies,  
That cannot bear the light;  
Haunting, like ghosts that love to glide  
Through places where their honour died,  
The *Play - House* every night!

11 7 49

Nay, as great folks love fun, one may venture the odds,  
But Olympus will shake with the mirth of the gods.—  
Thus in æther he'll swing the sole outcast of nature,  
'Till some kind immortal, brim full of good nature,  
Beholding the victim with pitiful eyes,  
To a BAT shall transform him——the tyrant of FLIES.

O *Imitatores! Servum pecus.*

MAR. SCRIB. JUN<sup>r</sup>.

T H E E N D.

